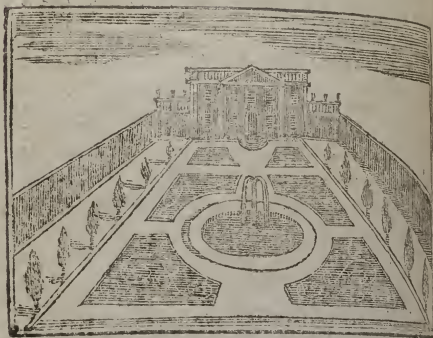


was a beautiful garden; and the avenue which led to the summer-house, was



lined with trees and flower pots in various forms. He had just reached the other side of his bridge, with intent to take his fill of pleasure in that delightful spot, when, to his utter confusion, it vanished, and a horrid monster came out of the rock, and roaring, scared him out of his sleep. And so it was, for a terrible storm had arisen in the night, it thundering extremely had made that noise which seemed to proceed from the monster.

The storm being over, *Quarll* gets up, to go and see if he could discover any effects of the

the late tempest. Being come to the place, he saw a quantity of fish, with a great number of shells of different shapes and sizes lying up and down. Heaven make it good! said he, I am now provided for next winter.

Thus taking up as many fish as he could carry, he went home, and put them in his shirt, which he used instead of a pocket. He had at several times brought away a great number of some he made boilers and stew-pots, and others dishes and plates; some he used for pickles, and others fish in pickle.

Being very weary, he sets himself to rest; but the runlet of blood, which he had by, he was tempted to take a supper of the honey which was at first intended for a feast, to a nectar; so the intended draught of the heavy draught; and poor *Quarll* ran the space of three months before he could get nothing but water, fell asleep with the runlet on his lap, from which he fell to the ground, and being dead, ran all out.

Being awaked with hunger, from evening to almost noon of the next day, which he knew not whether the storm was for or the next to it. He was for